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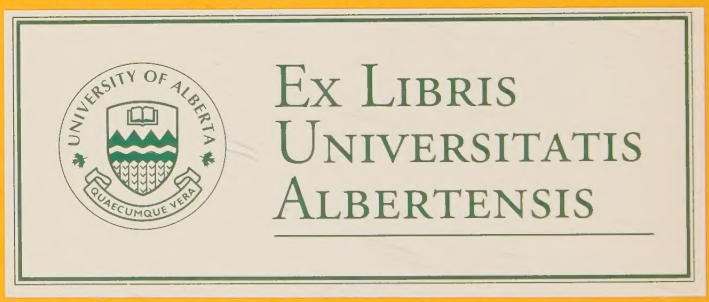
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CANADIAN POETRY MAGAZINE

VOLUME 21

No. 4 — Summer — 1958

Published by

THE CANADIAN AUTHORS ASSOCIATION

Toronto, Ontario

Canada

THE CANADIAN AUTHORS ASSOCIATION

What It Is

The Canadian Authors Association is the senior organization for Canadian "authors, writers, artists, musical composers, dramatists, scenario writers, radio script writers, or any other creators of copyrightable material." It was formed in 1921 at a national convention held in Montreal and is incorporated under a Federal charter. It corresponds to the "Authors' League of America" in the U.S.A. and the "Incorporated Society of Authors, Playwrights and Composers" in Great Britain. Among its founders and charter members were Stephen Leacock, Murray Gibbon, B. K. Sandwell, Pelham Edgar, W. D. Lighthall, Sir Robert Falconer, Lawrence Burpee, Mazo de la Roche, and Vincent Massey.

What It Does

For nearly forty years now it has worked for just copyright and income tax laws and has given its members contract and marketing advice. It has maintained two quarterlies, the *Canadian Author and Bookman* (founded in 1921, with B. K. Sandwell, F.R.S.C., as editor) and the *Canadian Poetry Magazine* (founded 1936, with E. J. Pratt, F.R.S.C., as editor). It also inaugurated in 1936 annual medal awards bearing the name of the Governor-General of Canada, our honoured Patron. An autonomous Board, appointed by the C.A.A., administers these awards, which are paid for by the Association. An annual convention gives an opportunity to foregather with authors at the national level and discuss problems of writing and publication.

Membership

Membership is of two categories: regular and associate. Branches for local activities (often taking the form of craft groups or of monthly meetings with book-talks) are to be found in St. John's, Halifax, Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, London, Windsor, Winnipeg, Edmonton, Calgary, Vancouver, and Victoria.

For details and Application blank write to:

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THE CANADIAN AUTHORS ASSOCIATION
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Patrons of poetry are reminded that we pay for all poems printed, and are grateful for donations to defray the expense of this policy.

Manuscripts should be mailed to The Editor, V. B. Rhodenizer, Wolfville, Nova Scotia. *Printed by Quality Press Limited, Montreal.*

FOUNDATION SUPPORTERS

It is, perhaps, unnecessary to state that a magazine such as this is not a profit making venture. It is published by The Canadian Authors Association for the encouragement of poetry in Canada and its continued appearance is only made possible by the generosity of its Foundation Supporters.

Contributions are needed and would be very welcome.

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The contents of this Quarterly are indexed in the Canadian Index, published by the Canadian Library Association.

CANADIAN
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MAGAZINE

Summer 1958
VOLUME 21 - - NUMBER 4

Committee:
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Wolfville, Nova Scotia
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EDITORIAL

In addition to pictorial description, defined in the Spring, 1958, issue, there is another pure type, atmospheric description. In this the poet communicates to the reader the mood evoked by what he observes, remembers, or imagines. He never ceases to describe, but he uses only or mainly such images and other imaginative devices as will cumulatively suggest the mood he seeks to communicate. The less trace there is of word picture the more impressive will be the atmospheric effect, especially if the poet harmonizes form and content. The Canadian scene lends itself admirably to both types of pure description, and brief, highly finished poems of either type are well suited to the *Canadian Poetry Magazine.*

A READY CHILD

In love, than which no word is simpler,
There flow persisting childhood streams
That we idealize. Our dreams have dimples.

Into love, from hide-and-seek and sheer surprise
Of never being found, perpetually flows
A stream this busy world of klaxons blows
Perpetually zig-zag. And the childish world
Which flourishes inside our modern heads
Compels its lovers into grown-up beds.
The unready foster an unready breed. Furled
Flags, but newly made, affect experience
Of winds, then rend themselves with prurience.

Children on the run, our heads turned back,
We run too fast for growing, which is slow.
Our own experience of inexperience redeems
Our love of turning back. We always miss
The chance of living out unfinished dreams,
And childish motives wreck the mouths we kiss.

Paul West,
St. Johns, Nfld.

LIFESPAN

How short the time
From that sweet evening when the frogs first trill
Their wakening lays
To the hot noon when songs of crickets fill
The August haze;
Between the two how briefly fleet the days!
Spring with a promise which she may not keep,
And Autumn staggering to a glutton's sleep,
How short the time!

Mrs. C. Stuart Thompson,
Truro, N. S.

SONNET

No man can trust his fairest love is kind,
For art has alchemy so subtly bold
It turns base metal into seeming gold,
And faith in nature's goodness is as blind,
For under ripeness of the apple's rind
Corruption often soils exploring teeth,
And sour whey may lurk in depths beneath
The cream of goodness in a placid mind.

Since this is so, I shall not risk a test
And lose you quite. Indeed there is no need.
Still on your beauty shall my senses feed
While from the best ingredients of desert
In me I shall create blood, soul, and heart,
An inner you, as perfect as the rest.

Fred Cogswell,
Fredericton, N. B.

CLOUDS AND CLAY

All those who know vast heights and depths,
Who feel the planets turn,
Must know the shadow and the flame
Where silent fires burn.
For where the soaring smoke ascends
To towering mist-wrapped peaks,
The strength of earth and heaven unites
And there the spirit speaks.
The glory of all space is found
Where lifting power enshrouds.
For man's not clay who once has learned
His kinship with the clouds.

Greta L. Rose,
born at Keswick Ridge, N. B.

COLOURED

Coloured is a beauteous word:
Red of blood, white of curd,
Black of ebon, brown of shell,
Every shade that eye can tell,
This one word means to me.

Coloured is an ugly word,
Used to cripple; used to herd
A Negro race. Mark it well
What heaven and oh, what hell
This one word seems to be.

Coloured is a human word,
To each man's heart be it referred.
Take it and make it what you will,
Bigot's curse or poet's thrill:
This one word both can be.

Joan McIntosh,
Burlington, Ont.

THE POET

Sustained by the love of language,
Revering the power of thought,
I must ponder and polish each image
Till truth into word-form is wrought.

Joan McIntosh

THE MASTER

Softly, with muted strings, a melody
He wove, so full of tender tears,
So full of all the yearning of the years,
That o'er the quivering heart strings the taut bow
Seemed drawn; and silently, and slow,
Melted the soul in trembling ecstasy.

Sudden a change came o'er the music's tone:
The rush of wind, the swirl of driving rain,
The forest branches writhing as in pain;
The tumbling torrent's roar, the foaming sea,
All mingled in majestic symphony;
And threaded through it sobbed the world's low moan.

The surge of sound softened again, and lo!
Before our eyes were magic pictures wrought:
The tender green by vernal showers brought,
The glow of tinted sunsets, the wide sky
Against whose blue a lilting bird flew high,
The first frail blossom bursting into blow.

Then, like a cowering captive bird released,
Joyous, the soul spread wings in strong, free flight
Straight up and ever up towards the light.
Worth running seemed the race; hope bubbled high;
The world lay wide to conquer; earth and sky
Met in glad song; — when hush! the music ceased.

M. M. Mitchell,
Lansdowne, Ont.

THE OLD WOODWORKER

A littered shop;
a sofa just begun;
decrepit antique chairs
begging to be repaired;
lumber, a wood press; shavings
scattered in eloquent confusion;
hammers, chisels, planes
cluttering an ancient work-bench; —
fit setting for this noble scion
of an evanescent line.
There he stands,
short-statured, sturdy, erect,
deft fingers, gnarled and stubby,
skilled through three-score years
to fashion stubborn wood to his stern will;
proud of his patent proven prowess in his craft;
proud of his forebears
from whom he learned his art;
proud of his sons who follow in his steps;
no thought of rationed hours of toil,
only intent on giving of his best
to each accepted task,
resolved to fashion his beloved wood
until strength fails and he can work no more.

Herbert M. Tennant,
Ottawa, Ont.

THE LIFE CLASS

Flowing in its even curves of whiteness,
Soft beneath the harsh lamp's sickening brightness,
Subtly blending all the forms of flesh,
Warm and damp and soft, yet sparkling fresh,
Full of shadows, blues and greys and half tones,
Here's woman made of blood, and flesh, and bones.

Here, before me lies a model's figure,
Defying and eluding me; forever
Half-showing me what lies there, will not tell
What it is that casts the magic spell
Of light and shade, how the shapes and colour made
To be the best that living flesh can utter.

With my pencil, I stammer and I stutter
Over the curves and mounds of warmth and light;
Making flat and dull what's round and bright.
Oh God! Is it not vanity to try
To imitate roundness of arm and curve of thigh?
Is it not sheer pomposity and elongated egotism to see
If I can put down on paper with a brush
What you have made with very living flesh?

M. Newton,
Ottawa, Ont.

THE SKEENA

Out of the turbulent tortuous route,
Out of the caverns for heaven a roof,
Out of the very heart of the mountains,
Out of the glaciers, its head and its fountains,
Tumbles the Skeena.

Surging thy cavern all the day long,
Tumbling and surging thy bed rocks among,
Following, finding a perpetual winding,
Bounding, rejoicing, all nature voicing,
Tumbles the Skeena.

Murky thy waters from much tribulation,
Save where the fresh streams come down from the mountains,
Dancing and prancing, restless advancing,
Down to the sea to its goal all entrancing,
Tumbles the Skeena.

Ermina E. Tribble,
Ottawa, Ont.

THE LITTLE DEATH

Love was quickened;
But the venomous word,
Its meaning half implied ,
Poisoned belief. The mind heard,
And rejected; the soul sickened,
And in anguish died.

Sheila Burnford,
Port Arthur, Ont.

HYDROGEN BOMB

Most deadly mushroom poisoning the skies,
Outstretched like the Avenging Angel's wings;
While in the ear the detonation rings,
And underneath, annihilation lies.
As yet these outbursts are but practice tries,
Dread forerunners of much more fearsome things,
To fall alike on peasants and on kings,
As finally the good with evil vies.
Then rotting bodies will pollute the earth,
As men fall to the ground like stricken sparrows;
No longer women will rejoice in birth
Of children doomed so soon to rest in barrows;
And throughout all the world will be great dearth,
As once more man resorts to bow and arrows.

Mary A. Shepherd,
Riverside, Ontario.

EVENING

The day grows on,
Shining meadows grow dark,
Cool winds whisper,
Trees and bushes become silhouettes.

Chirping birds cease,
Chickets gossip,
Frogs in pools and ditches croak,
And night falls like a great blanket.

Garnet Gervais,
Riverside, Ont.

RESPITE

O, sing not to me of the cold, grey dawn
When the air is dank and chill
With the mists that rise when the night has gone,
Enshrouding each vale and hill.
And sing me no song of the noontide glare
On hills and the winding road,
Or the ceaseless travail of souls who there
Toil on with a weary load.

But sing me a song of the twilight hour
When the day its course has run,
Of rest while the night shades softly lower,
Reward for the tasks well done;
When his labour ended, in sweet content,
As the shadows round him close,
The toiler gives thanks for the hours well spent
And turns to his earned repose.

In the world's rough highways and reeking marts,
The struggle for pelf and power,
We moil through our day, oft with fainting hearts;
But at twilight there comes the hour
When the worker turns from his task anon
As the sun of life sinks low,
To find, when its burden and heat are gone,
Sweet peace in the afterglow.

Harry D. McCrae,
Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

CHAMPLAIN
(1608-1958)

Great founder, that old astrolabe of thine
Was not the only light upon thy way
Through pathless wilderness that early day:
Thou hadst in thine own soul a rod divine
By which thou readst aright each pregnant sign
That told thee here among these rocks to stay,
For they held riches vaster than Cathay,
On which to build a country strong and fine.
Why should we exercise to search thy bones?
Thy living spirit waits where'er thou went
To be our guide and inspiration still.
Why need we rear thee more memorial stones?
Thou hast a nation for thy monument,
Whose destiny we owe thee to fulfil.

Fisher Davidson,
Toronto.

ONE SUMMER

I would not have two summers in the year,
Two planting times and harvest bounty spread
Twice over in twelve months. I would adhere
To seasons in their time, nor suffer dread
That winter will return, as it has done
Since earth began, its solitude affords
A respite from sopranos in the sun;
My ear is satisfied with minor chords.

Then why seek refuge in the palm-swept lands?
Were we not born to know both heat and ice?
Our countrymen need not the torrid sands
To warm their bones; one summer should suffice.
Though traffic be southbound, I would but know
That down this leaf-strewn lane, I'll walk through snow.

Helen Hill Young,
Toronto, Ontario.

DEATH OF AN INDIAN MOTHER

Smoke from the chimney
poured into the rose dusk sky.
The sleigh dog lifted its head
and howled into the crisp air.
You cried again in your pain
and the brown eyes looked out
toward the horizon for the plane
to carry you from the frozen land
into warmth and mercy.

The shadows lengthened, the North
froze and the bitter ices creaked.
Not even a song from a homeward bird
softened the air with its singing.
We whispered one to another
and heard the pain from your
poor lips and our own cry was despair.
Your man was far away trapping his fur,
perhaps with a song.
Your children to the South
could not hear your lonely call.

The plane did not come
and now it is too late.
You died in the bitter winter.
The mission bell echoed over
the frozen lake and through the
snow-covered fir, and the sound
was lost in the twilight,
Along with your last lost sigh
and our cry of resignation.
This way you died.

Barbara Jean Hughes,
Brochet, Man.

PERCÉ ROCK
(Gaspé Peninsula)

The wind-scarred tip of Gaspé's mighty finger
Keeps pointing to the sea where Cartier sailed.
Peninsula of peace! — the ages linger
To watch a country's pride become unveiled.
Retreating waves reveal your rugged splendor;
Receding waters cast a timeless view
Of grandeur only nature could surrender,
Of sculpture only time and tide could hew.

Though eastern soil has moored your firm foundation,
And eastern rains wash down on every slope,
Your stature grows to unify a nation:
Your greatness stands to symbolize its hope.
To you we voice our ringing song of freedom:
Let men design a peace they can fulfill.
Your rock is strength, oh monolithic Eden,
But hearts of men are sometimes harder still.

Gerald N. White,
Winnipeg.

ON ENTERING A NEW HOME

Bright Joy, sweet Peace, her sister, Rest —
Each enters here, a welcome guest;
But, if, at times, I must be host
To dark-eyed Pain, or should the ghost
Of olden grief press to my side —
If this should be, I trust that Pride
Will lend his arm and whisper lightly,
"All guests must be received politely!"

Helen E. Ross,
Winnipeg.

PROGRESSION

What would he think,
That delightful Sam Pepys,
Great lover of music,
Deep lover of life —
What would he say
Of this strange Mumbo-Jumbo
Irritation of sound?

What of the painters,
The brush running wild
In form and in color,
Riddles unsolved
In nightmares of art.

What of the modern
Ultra modern of poets
Their obscurities in language
Without rhythm or reason.

Sam Pepys, I wonder
What could they give you?

Jessie Drummond Boyd,
Calgary, Alta.

MAN WITH A GUITAR

The man with a guitar thinks of the wood;
the wood speaks with a melodious voice.
We think of the forest.

The wind sings in the forest and we hear a bird.
We make a house of forest trees
and set a log ablaze on the hearth.

The birdlike wind is the music of our children singing;
the music of their laughter, brief, light,
and well-remembered.

The bird takes wing and we think of faraway times;
they call to us. In the ship of fantasy we sail
beyond the bridge of distance. We journey to a warm climate.

There with our children we are happy awhile;
We have built a house to our liking
and peopled it with those we would remember.

The man with a guitar
loves the patina of the wood;
the wood has a melodious tone.

M. Kathleen Henry,
Calgary, Alta.

STORM SYMPHONY

The russet-tinted leaves go swirling by,
A lightning rapier strokes a sulking cloud,
The dogs of thunder bark across the sky,
A vixen wind in fury shrieks aloud.

A rippling silver runnel turns to grey,
The angry waters roar and lash the sands,
The tempest rides the valley . . . dies away,
While overhead the brooding massif stands.

Through centuries each raging storm that took
Wild echoes from a timelessness remote,
When outraged Earth with rumblings heaved and shook,
Had gathered every single savage note.

The changeless patterned cadence rose and fell
For unrecorded primitives in caves,
Gildas the Wise in dim monastic cell
Or lost Atlantis deep beneath the waves.

From Mithridatic wars to mushroom cloud
The thunder dogs still bark across the sky,
The same wind furies wail and shriek aloud
When russet tinted leaves go swirling by.

"Lynette", Calgary.

CHANGING PLACES

If we should change places,
Would you be happier than I?
You with all your money,
And I with my clear blue sky.

You can buy all the things you want,
Even then, you're hard to satisfy,
But my riches are always there, —
The trees, the birds, the sky.

I don't have to pay for sunshine,
Nor do I have to pay for beauty,
I have no use for money,
These gifts were given free.

So you see I wouldn't be happy,
By changing places with you.
I'm satisfied right where I am,
And by everything I say and do.

A. Paul Rheaume,
Edmonton, Alta.

THE DOG UPON HIS GRAVE

They loved Mozart but helped him not at all.
When, overworked, he died, the people went
But to the city gates in driving rain.
They had no carriages. (Enough is spent
On paupers! Coffins are provided, free!)
So he whose life was grace and gentleness,
Whose music sparkles like a mountain stream,
Went to a nameless grave in loneliness.

Only his faithful mongrel followed him,
To grieve for love he would not find again;
And struggled through the heavy sliding mud,
Endured for him the misery of rain.

Now they erect proud halls and monuments;
His birthdays are remembered, and the towns
Which once ignored his greatness, gladly give
(To cover all the costs) ten thousand crowns.
If Mozart knew, would bitterness assail
His gentleness? Would peace be turned to pain?
Or would one tribute only touch his heart —
The dog upon his grave, in driving rain?

May C. Jenkins,
Edmonton, Alta.

ANOTHER WARNING

Beware of the man
who makes a question shine
with the brilliance of a dagger:
he, the Socratic one,
can upset your calmness
with well directed simplicity.

That ancient weapon is bright
with unfallen splendor,
and has a pointed force
because of guidance.
(Pitiful are those without direction,

even unaware
that they travel a one-way street)

Behold, the moment arrived,
that tiresome old man is found
even on the moon:
he murmurs serenely,
"Why have you come?"

And we whom they try to explain
as types with Grecian names,
can we, then, avail ourselves
of Socrates?

Anthony Pittarelli,
Edmonton, Alta.

SKEENA RIVER SUMMER

Each morning sees the birth
Of a dark strong land, of earth
Shaped to a fairer image
Than preceding day.

Each slow sun sends the light
To alpine slope and bright
Warmth down rocky flanks
To hastening floods.

Each sunset finds the veil
Of mountain mist and pale
Wreaths smoking upwards
From the living stream.

Each nightfall has a strong
Black hue on mountains, long
Unyielding bulks of time
Along the river's edge.

Harry Winstone,
Crofton, B. C.

SKEENA RIVER MOODS

Mist on the river in the early morn,
Sunlight and shadow along the shore,
Majestic mountains rearing high
Raise snowcapped shoulders to the sky.

Mountains with their storm caps on,
Rainfilled clouds hanging low,
Mighty river, sullen and gray,
Along the edge, wind-lashed spray.

Sunlight on the river in the early morn,
Snow laden trees fringe the shore,
In the crispy air, ruffled sea birds
Crouch, along its icy scalloping.

Gladys Baldwin,
Prince Rupert, B. C.

DAY OF THE DANCE FOR THE NEW CHIEF

I have many things to forget,
I do not forget this dance,
This great dance for the new chief,
The new chief who was my father,
I do not forget this dance.

One by one, they come through the *kechen*[1],
They enter the lodge . . . down the six steps . . .
In the centre the fire, the smoke climbing upward,
Finding the stars through the roof . . .
Look . . . you will see him, my father!

He is painting his face for the dance,
The powder roasting in the red cinders,
The tree-bark powder roasting beside him,
Painting his face for the dance of the New Chief —
Ai, he is proud, he is proud!

The *ska-ga*[2] leaps up with his knife,
Tia L!da[3] is shouting, is shouting —
The smoke is between them,
The angry man sees through it now,
The good spirit, Sun-i-a-tlai-dus,
Spreading a coat of protection,
Ho-ho-ho! Spreading a blanket between!

My father is dancing, the New Chief!
Bending his legs and bowing,
It is a good dance, my brothers!
He is wearing the *Chae-kungas*[4] mask
In the lodge, by the great central fire;
We sprinkle him well with down,
He moves in a circle, bending,
The soft white scattering, falling,
The slow drums beating, beating,
The whistle of a reeds is sighing, is sighing.

The red light flashes behind his mask,
Behind the strings of the mask,
The light in his eyes flashes too,
His fierce eyes watching us now,
Watching the man with the knife,
His mouth blowing feathers through the painted tube;
I am catching one in my fingers,
I feel it still in my fingers —
The day of the dance for the New Chief
Is gone . . . is gone!

Hermia Harris Fraser,
Vancouver, B. C.

---

[1] Kechen was the opening, the door in the totem pole that stood directly in front of the lodge.

[2] Ska-ga, a medicine man.

[3] Tia L!da means to kill.

[4] Chae-kungas, or November, literally, When bears paw the ground for roots.

BEAUTY

Beauty in the young is the cherry tree
In spring blossom. None can escape it.

Beauty in the aged is the cherry's pit
Hanging past its season — rare pendant jewel
Only a few will appraise.

Thelma Reid Lower,
Vancouver, B. C.

INNER SANCTUM

The forest floor has a carpet rough,
Made of clods of leaves and rotted stuff;
The furniture there consists of stumps,
Moss-jacketed rocks, miscellaneous lumps;
The lighting is excellent day and night,
For the large and the little bulbs are bright;
The shelves are crammed with green-paged books
Clear to the lover who carefully looks;
While some — Listen softly. Which? — are the keys
Of a gold-green piano poised in the trees;
Some Chopin has entered, begins to play
By the windows wide, near the children gay,
Young saplings swaying in green gloom,
While silent pillars support the room.

Pillars upsweeping to other airs
(Some sort of Beethoven works upstairs).

Roy Lowther,
Vancouver, B. C.

SPEAKING OF TREES

A few brief notes about the trees:
They sometimes shiver; never sneeze!
And though they gaily stand at ease,
They never show their feet!

They chuckle when the raindrops fall,
And to each other softly call.
So friendly too; they never brawl,
Nor do they show conceit!

When lovers through the woodland stroll,
And carve their names upon its bole,
The tree remarks: "My, my, how droll,"
And gently adds: "How sweet!"

They do not wander to and fro;
But you and I, we come and go,
While trees stand by and watch the show,
Observant . . . but discreet!

Wm. W. Mawle,
Victoria, B. C.

FRAGRANCE

How sweet the breath of lilacs in the spring!
How linked with pictures hung on walls of time,
Faint echoes from our early youth; the chime
Of bird-song played on silvery chords that ring,
That stir some poignant grief, some joys that cling;
A cottage where the lilac-blossoms climb,
A face whose love must with this fragrance rhyme;
What myrrh do we to Heaven's altar bring?

There is a fragrance richly flowing round;
The essence of the soul, the spirit's cry,
The breath of beauty, mystery, no sound,
Wafted from where? The distant walls and high;
Oh may this sweetness ever linger near
To fill the day with joy, subverting fear.

Eva Marion Ray,
Victoria.

HAWK DANCE

(The Ceremonial Dance of the Kwakiutl is patterned
on the gyrations of the Kitty Hawk.)
Dance away, little copper skinned maiden;
Leave Sorrow to weep by the graves:
While winging between worlds, unfettered
Let grace crown the pride of our Braves.

Quick flutter, sky pinions, and hover,
Mount up the warm breezes and then
Stare down a sheer hundred-foot eye beam
And whirl the fair falcon again.

Your kirtle of cedar-strip feathers,
Your cape-wing of bright patterned blue,
Your necklets of gold, all are ancient,
And only your dreaming is new.

Discover the tiny grass people
Swoop down like a swift flashing light;
What chance have the poor little chirrers
Against your fleet speed and hawk-sight?

Skim over the sweet scented meadows
'Neath heavens where sky people trod,
Rejoice in this hour, little Princess,
Man's life's but one moment to God.

Mrs. Eileen Hope Kerr,
Victoria, B. C.

PRIMA BALLERINA

Iridescent dress with skirt like wing,
Draped sleeves for arms to flow and float,
Fingers whose every curve evoke a mood,
Pink-slippered toes in satin pointed down,
Coronet of silver on dark hair,
Your face immobile, concentration there.
Poised in the air, a lithesome butterfly,
Held lightly by your partner's hands.
You are all grace, all lightness, best of life.

With arabesque of arms the chorus rings
The stage, like flowers with petals spread.
But you are all my dream, token of youth —
A perfect movement caught and held in space.

Clara Hill Maunsell,
Victoria, B. C.

EARTH-BOUND

I am contented to behold
The trellised coral roses twine
With purple of wistaria-vine;
To trace laburnum's falling gold.

In earth's green garden I belong;
No venturer to outer space
Can lure me from this hallowed place,
No unknown bird's sirenic song.

Margaret Hurdon Keifer,
Victoria, B. C.

V. B. Rhodenizer, *Canada for Man, and Other Poems.* Montreal, Quality Press Ltd., 1958, 16 pp. Distributed by V. B. Rhodenizer, Wolfville, N. S., 35 cents. Canadians who prefer their verse in traditional forms will read this chapbook with interest. The title-poem, "Canada for Man", is a series of blank verse appeals to Canada by the spirits of Mysticism, Pleasure, Art, Knowledge, and Brotherhood, each outlining a mission for our country in terms of its own nature and idiom. Also in blank verse is "Beneath the Maple Tree", a wistful monologue by a returned soldier who finds that the sweetheart with whom he had shared his childhood and youth now lies buried beneath the old maple tree where they used to play. A tiny "Theme Song" and three sonnets in the Shakespearean form complete the volume.

W. K.

The Arbutus Tree (n.d.), by Lois H. Gilpin, 6367 West Boulevard, Vancouver, B. C., 40 pp. This poet sees nature with the eye of a painter and uses imagery of nature effectively in pictorial and atmospheric description and in emotional and reflective lyrics, especially the last.

Morning on My Street (1958), by Myrtle Reynolds Adams. Toronto, Ryerson Press, 12 pp., $1.00. To the extent that the author has substituted "contrived obscurity" for genuinely poetic originality of image, this book is not the equal of her first, *Remember Together* (1955), reviewed in the Winter, 1955-6, issue of this magazine.

A Suit of Nettles (1958), by James Reaney. Toronto, Macmillan, 54 pp., $3.00. The poet, a native of Stratford, Ontario, and winner of a governor-general's award for poetry with *The Red Heart* (1949), derived his title from a German fairy-tale and his overall structure from Spenser's *Shepherd's Calendar* (1579), with a pastoral for each month of the year. Reaney's poem is as satirically hard and cold as Spenser's is romantically tender and warm.

Chiaroscuro II (1958), the poetry booklet of Waterloo College, contains three poems in French by Richard Geiger, a student from Paris, France, and fifteen poems in English by seven Canadian students. Except for the morbidity of Ian Fraser's work, the poems by Canadians are soundly optimistic in tone and all promising in technique. Nothing is gained by departure from standard practice in format.

The Spring, 1958, issue of *Canadian Author and Bookman* prominently features Canadian poetry from 1948 to 1958, its authors and its critics.

The March, 1958, number of the *University College Gargoyle* is largely devoted to poems by University College personnel and to a review of an anthology of work by University College students, *Rubato: New Poems by Young Canadian Poets* (1958), edited by John Robert Colombo and sold at 50 cents a copy at the University Book Store, Toronto.

At the Mermaid Inn (1958), by Arthur S. Bourinot, obtainable from the author at 158 Carleton Road, Rockliffe, Ottawa, Canada, $3.50. Our associate editor has selected, edited, and annotated essays on life and literature contributed to the Toronto *Globe* by three Canadian poets, Duncan Campbell Scott, Archibald Lampman, and William Wilfred Campbell. Once more he has made a valuable contribution to Canadian criticism.

The *Imperial Oil Review,* February, 1958, contains (pp. 8-11) an interesting article on Evelyn May (Fox) Richardson, an outstanding Canadian author resident in Nova Scotia.

The May, 1958, issue of *Best Articles and Stories* includes among its poems two reprinted from the Autumn, 1957, issue of our magazine: "Amateurs," by Carleton Drewry, and "Automobile," by Abbott Conway.

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